He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe,
And chid his trewant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſtred there a doule ſpirit
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe, but let me tell the world,
If he out-liue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe ſo ſweete a hope,
So much miſconſtred in his wantonneſſe.
Hot. Cooſen, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince ſo Wild at liberty:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my courteſie.
Arme, arme with ſpeede, and fellowes Souldiers friends,
Better conſider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
Can liſt your bloud vp with perſwaſion. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Meſſ. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot reade them now,
O, Gentlemen the time of life is ſhort,
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long:
If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,
Still ending at the arriuall of an hower,
And if he liue, we liue to tread on Kings,
If die, braue death, when Princes die with vs,
Now for our Conſciences, the armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iuſt, *Enter another.*
Meſſ. My Lord, prepare, the *King* comes on a pace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his beſt; and heare draw I a Sword,
Whoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perillous day.
Now eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on,
Sound all the loftie inſtruments of warre,
And by that muſicke, let vs all imbrace,

For

For heauen to earth, ſome of v
A ſecond time doe ſuch a curte
Heere they embrace, the Trum
power, alarme to the Battell:
Blunt.
Blunt. What is thy name tha
What honour doſt thou ſeeke
Dow. Know then my name
And I doe haunt thee in the ba
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dow. The Lord of *Stafford*
Thy likeneſſe, for in ſtead of t
This Sword hath ended him, ſ
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as a pri
Blunt. I was not borne to ye
And thou ſhalt find a King tha
Lord *Staffords* death.
They fight, Dowglas kils
Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadſt thou f
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Sc
Dow. Als done, als won, hee
Hot. Where?
Hot. This *Dowglas?* No, I k
A gallant Knight he was, his na
Semblably furniſht like the Kin
Dow. Ah foole, go with thy
A borrowed title haſt thou bou
Why didſt thou tell me, that th
Hot. The King hath many
Dow. Now by my Sword, I
Ile murder all his Wardrope pie
Vntill I meet the King.
Our Souldiers ſtand full fairely
Alarme, enter
Falſ. Though I could ſcap
ſhot heere, heere's no ſcoring b
you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's h

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22285) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C